



A
FVNERALL ELEGIE VPON
the death of the as Noble as Vertuous Prince,
LODOVICK Duke of Lenox, and Rich-
mond, &c. Who deceeded at White Hall the 16.
of Februarie, 1623.

I Feuer cruell Death with one great stroke
The hearts of millions in sunder broke,
Now he hath don't, in taking him away,
Who was of thousand men the helpe and stay.
Had he no meaner man to make his Bur,
But he in whom thousand hopes did put
Could he haue done vs a more foule disgrace,
Then to pull downe vertues great mansion place?
And at such time when we him most did need,
Must he make thousands with one dart to bleed?
O cursed Monster, thou hast made our King
The dolefull tune of *Lachryma* to sing.
Our noble Prince, though young, lookes old with care:
The Dutchesse doth her golden tresses teare.
The Nobles, curse thy curst ignoble deed,
And each in stead of Robe, takes mourning weed.
The Commons haue no common griefe, but make
The Earth with their shrill loud outcries to shake,
And all for Him, whose heauy losse doth wound
The King, the Commons, and makes all vnfound.
Me thinkes I heare Art in the streets complaine,
She hath lost him who did her state maintaine.
Vertue in fable weeds mournes all alone,
Because her patterne and her Patron's gone.
The Poore complaine that they haue lost their Treasure,
Death could not doe them a more foule displeasure.
Sad Teares doe flow from each mans liquide eyes,
And all in Griefe and Sorrow sympathise.
How then of Death shall we reuenged be?
Yes, he shall liue, O Death, in spite of thee.
His soule shall liue in glories lustre bright,
Though he lies buried in graues darke some night.
So shall his name mount on the wings of Fame,
For all thy hate thou canst not hurt the same.
Babes yet vnborne, so soone as they can babble,
Shall say that *Richmonds* Duke was charitable.
He was a Steward after Gods owne minde,
The Poores releuer, and to none vnkinde.
Though high in Honour, yet he humble was,
For noblesse of minde none did him passe.
Another *Iob* for worthy Patience,
A *Salomon* for true intelligence.
These honours vnto him mens words shall giue,
And thus, he in despite of Death shall liue.

Lament, O Scotland, which hast lost a Peere,
Which was to thee, as thou to him wast deere:
And thou art like an army which is fled,
Because their Leader's not, and Captaine dead,
Let not thy Churches fable sad weeds lacke,
But be ye clad in mournfull dismall black.
Why should we not the Church to mourning call,
Since that a pillar of it late did fall?
Lenox great Duke, whose sacred godly care,
Was her rites to maintaine and state vpeare.
Lament ye, which rest on *Parnassus* hill,
Ye Muses seruants, let sad Poems fill
Each corner in the Earth, and let your Verse
Decke and adorne about his funerall Herse.
Let all the Muses to him honour giue,
He gaue them house-rooms whiles he here did liue.
The reason why I call for company
To ioyne in mourning with my Elegie,
Is, because that companions in griefe,
Doe mitigate the woe, and giue reliefe
To me, which cannot write my griefe concei'd,
Thinking how many with me are bereau'd
Of him, in whom the Graces all did dwell,
Whose worth we may admire, but neuer tell:
Though we had famous *Tullies* eloquence,
Yet we could not expresse his excellence,
In whom all vertues did in fulnesse raigne,
Not the least part of wicked vice remaine,
Whose soule no doubt, now hath recei'd reward
Of his good deeds, and hath that sentence heard,
Which *Christ* pronounceth to all blessed sprites,
Come and partake of ne're-fading delights:
Where we doe leaue him ioying for his blisse,
But mourning for our losse, which is no lesse,
Then is the Orphans, whose kind mother's dead,
Or then the Widdowes which hath lost her head,
Whose absence we with bitter sighs deplore,
And sobs, which doe forbid vs writing more.

George Marcelline.

FINIS.

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